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A V O N

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T H R E E P A R T S.

B I R M I N G H A M

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE, *and*

S O L D

By R. and J. DODSLEY in PALL MALL,

L O N D O N.

MDCCLVIII.

A V O N

A

P O E M

IN

THREE PARTS.

B I R M I N G H A M

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE and

20 D

By R. and J. DODD, RAIL MALL.



L O

MDCCCLIII

A V O N.

P A R T I.

WHERE Thou, bright Avon, leadst thy waves along
To Scenes renown'd for SHAKESPEAR's wond'rous
While roves the *Muse*, propitious Nymph attend, (Song.
And all thy Softness to my Numbers lend:
She pants to wear no sweeter wreath, than springs
On the green Margin of the Stream She sings.
In the blest'd Verse should thy Perfections meet,
Thy Scenes so vivid, and thy Flow so sweet,
Thro' *Fame's* wide Fields, I'd make thy Glories shine,
And mix the waves of *HELICON* with Thine.

Come, Friend to learned Ease, what e'er thy Name,
Whose Censure's candid, tho' thy Praise is Fame,

Who

4 A V O N.

Who Life's short Journey walking wisely gay,
 Slight'ft not the Hand that smooths the rugged way,
 Thee, with thy social Train I dare invite, 15
 To trace together Avon's various Flight.
 Where now the Stream, the Type of modern Days,
 The shining Shallow pompously displays:
 Now where its Depth, the silent water hides,
 Beneath the Picture of her verdant Sides: 20
 The wily Flatt'rer thus (his own suppress'd,)
 Deceives the world in borrow'd Manners dress'd:
 Or where beneath some Rock, in whose rough Cells,
 To catch the warbler's Song quick Echo dwells,
 Where Light with Shade in lovely Contest meets, 25
 And tepid Zephyrs feast on mingled Sweets,
 Avon flows. The Theme let all revere,
 That hold the Laurel's verdant Honors dear:
 For the fair Nymph, whose Leaves to Fame admit,
 (Due Dangers past) the warrior and the wit, 30

DAPHNE the coy, fond * PAEANS virgin Flame,
 Ow'd, as it's sung her Being to a Stream.
 The Realms that fend the purple OCEAN o'er
 Their swelling Sails to THAMES's princely Shore,
 In vain may seek in ev'ry varying Tongue 35
 A nobler Theme, a Theme more nobly sung.
 While CAMS bright Honors courtly Bards rehearse,
 Chaste ISIS triumphs in her WARTON's Verse:
 Hears ev'ry Graecian, every Latian Rill,
 Their Murmurs softned by the Muses Skill; 40
 And AVON boasts, that erst the tuneful Train,
 Taught her glad Echos many a deathless Strain.

When that bright Maid, in whose devoted Breast,
 The patriot Passion swallow'd all the rest,
 ELIZA rose, to quench the Bigots Brand, 45
 And break the Chain that bound Religion's Hand,
 Then free-born Reason beam'd the heav'nly Smile
 That call'd fair Science to her fav'rite Ile.

*Primus Amor Phæbi Daphne Penia. Ovid. Metam. L. 1. Penia

Then *Learning* saw the magic Prison fall,
 And sprung to Liberty at BACON's Call;
 In Arts, and Arms, accomplish'd SIDNEY shone,
 Nor HOOKER reign'd in sacred Lore alone;
 Then RALEIGH rose, whose now resplendent Name,
 Let JAMES's Annals tell with Pride and Shame:
 Reign'd JOHNSON then, the MARTIUS of the Stage,
 And manner'd FLETCHER charm'd th' admiring Age.
 Thou, museful SPENSER tun'dst thy Dorian Lays,
 And taught'st in mystic Gloriana's Praise,
 That ev'ry Labor virtuous *Fame* beguil'd,
 And smil'd on all on whom ELIZA smil'd.
 Hero's, like Suns, thus lend their Light and Heat,
 To Stars of *Genius* which adorn their State.
 Then Lucid AVON saw th' inspiring *Maids*,
 Press her green Banks, and haunt her willow'd shades.
 As once They fled the Suns impending Beam,
 Woo'd the soft Zephyrs, and enjoy'd the Stream.

Coy Nature whom th' obsequious *Nine* attend,
 (Unsafe They wander if without their Friend)
 Led the gay Train, and void of Caution gave
 Her vestless Beauties, to the trembling wave.
 A Youth who wond'ring oft had heard their Lay
 Sing down the Sun, or hail th' awak'ning Day,
 Alone in this propitious Moment stay'd;
 Where ev'ry *Muse* her ev'ry Charm display'd.
 They blush'd, and fled, and flying strove to hide
 Their matchless Forms, within the circling Tide;
 The circling Tide the lovely Trust reveal'd,
 Or heighten'd Graces it in Part conceal'd.
 The glorious Sight his Breast to Rapture fir'd,
 Each had his Vows, for each the Youth admir'd.
 But *Nature* seem'd above the Rest to shine,
 No *Muse* Herself, but Mistress of the *Nine*.
 The vocal Shell, forsaken when They flew,
 He seiz'd, and o'er the Strings his Fingers threw;

Enchanting Music floated down the Stream,
 And *Nature's* Beauty was his deathless Theme.
 And oft in these, alike our native Shades,
 The pow'rful Strain my ravish'd Ear invades.
 Behold, Behold the laurel'd SHAKESPEAR rise,
 Grace in his Mien, and Lightning in his Eyes,
 See vary'd wit in ev'ry Feature play,
 See kindling Passions, rap the Soul away.
 Possess'd of more than his own PROSPERO's Skill,
 He makes Me what, and leads Me where He will.
 Diffusing wide the Social Flow of Soul,
 With FALSTAFF now we quaff the sprightly Bowl:
 Now borne Sublime on magic wings I go,
 O'er haunted Heaths, and CALIDONIAN SNOW,
 To knock at bold MACBETH's perfidious Gate,
 And wake *Revenge* for gentle DUNCAN's Fate.
 An *Exile* now, thro' peaceful ARDEN's Grove,
 I seek the Bands of Loyalty and Love:

Now warm in AGINCOURT's illustrious Field,
 See trembling GALLIA's boastful Squadrons yield.
 Now snatch'd away, o'er Hills and Vales I fly,
 Till ROME's proud Structures fill my ravish'd Eye;
 Stay, BRUTUS stay, ROME merits not the Blow;
 Can *She* be free at Once and venal too?
 See rank *Corruption* lure the Birds of Prey,
 And call each dormant Monster into Day.
 Why swell the Sails, why sounds the dashing Oar?
 Bring Bays, bring Myrtle for th' advent'rous Moor.
 Ah gen'rous *Fair* in Beauty's fav'rite Ile,
 Why fall thy Tears, and fades thy nuptial Smile?
 Infernal Fiend! to ev'ry *Conscience* dead,
 * Behold the Tragic Load of yonder Bed!
 But what is He whom yonder Doors dismiss
 In such a Night, so stern, so black as This?
 In Darkness lost, except the Light'ning's Gleam
 Wraps his white Head, like HECLA's Brows in Flame. 120

* Look on the tragic Loading of this Bed. *Shakes. Othello*

Sworn of his Train, with honest KENT I draw,
 The Heart-struck *Monarch* to the shelt'ring Straw:
 But see! the laurel'd Guide with serious Smile,
 Precedes my way to yon * majestic Pile,
 Whose sacred Foot for many a distant Day, 125
 Has press'd the Verge of AVON's watry Way.
 The Doors expand, the vish'd Arches sound:
 With pleasing Awe I tread my kindred Ground:
 Persisting on I see the Orient Sky,
 Thro' fretted Windows meet m' attentive Eye. 130
 Behold, He cries, the Mark that checks the Tide
 Of all our Passions, and of all our Pride,
 The Rock which breaks light Pleasures frothy Swell,
 The Bounds, which ev'ry Earth-born Hope repel;
 Alone undaunted *Virtue* can proceed; 135
 While *Fame* flies back to tell the glorious Deed.
 No more; away the fair *Delusion's* gone,
 And leaves Me looking on his fun'ral Stone.

*The Church of Stratford upon Avon.

But where's the grateful Pomp, th' ambitious Strife 140
 Of *Art* in glorious Rivalry with Life?
 To bear him high no trophy'd Columns rise,
 No cloud-capt Pyramid ascends the Skies,
 Proclaims this want the Jealousies of Art?
 Or say with *Him* did ev'ry *Muse* depart?
 Here AVON, o'er her *PARIAN* Urn reclin'd, 145
 Should see her Waves in fluid Marble wind;
 While (in the Stream the *ATTIC* *Laurel* thrown)
 She gives the buskin'd *Muse* a nobler Crown.
 Along the rising Bank should prostrate lye
 Pale *Envy's* Train, and turn the dazzled Eye, 150
 To see the *Bards* triumphant Carr appear,
 Where *Nature* sits the skilful Charioteer.
 In view might rise on *Chorinths* flow'ry Pride,
Fame's ample Dome, with Gates expanded wide:
 While the white Steeds extend the shining Rein, 155
 And spring emergent from the radiant Plain.

Chain'd to the shining Wheels, on either Hand,
 The captive *Passions* wait his high Command.
Hope here should smile, *Despair* should languish here,
 Light *Joy* should laugh, and *Sorrow* drop the Tear; 160
Revenge should seem with secret Wish to feel
 The purple Point, and whet the destin'd Steel;
 While jaundic'd *Jealousy*, all wildly dress'd
 Hugs the dire *Caustic* to her shuddring Breast;
 Absorb'd in *Woe* should *Melancholly* sigh; 165
 And boundless *Madness* ev'ry Pow'r defy;
Love's flowing Eyes in languid Softness roll,
 And *Hate's* dark Frowns betray the tortur'd Soul;
 With Hair erect pale *Terror* shake his Chain;
 And lovely *Pity* sooth her borrow'd Pain: 170
 By dædal *Fancy* charg'd with high Relief,
 The Carr should swell with many a story'd Chief;
 There might the mimic Tapers trembling Glean
 Shew *RICHARD*, starting from the direful Dream:

The Master's Hand should make the Marble speak, 175
 And pour cold Horror o'er the frozen Cheek;
 With haggard Eyes might there th' awak'ning *Bride*
 Behold her *ROMEO* breathless at her Side;
 O'er the lov'd *Youth* should hang the dying Fair,
 And each loose Limb her frantic Deed declare; 180
 There, Terror-struck for Actions not her own,
 Should *DENMARK'S PRINCE* seem starting from the Stone.
 In ev'ry Vein, and ev'ry Nerve express'd
 The Pangs that tear his agonizing Breast.
 Here too--But say this vain Profusion why? 185
 O think of *Him* how small a Part could die!
 Nor blame this just Remembrance, meant to tell
 How little Spoil *Death* gain'd when *SHAKESPEAR* fell.
 Like the fam'd *Youth*, whose Wish disdain'd a Bound,
 To conquer more, more Worlds He must have found; 190
 And *Fates* keen Shaft, could only cut the String
 That stay'd th' Ambition of the *Poet's* Wing.

The breathing Bust would envious *Time* efface,
 And steal the mouldring Column from its Base:
 His firmer Trophy shall with *Time* prevail,
 And built on *Nature* but with *Nature* fail.
 Yet sure with some his *Genius* deigns to dwell,
 On some the bless'd transmitted *VESTURE* fell,
 Methinks, I've seen Him light the vig'rous Fires,
 That gild the solemn Gloom where *YOUNG* retires;
 Seen Him the Mind's obscure Retreats disclose,
 And point his Arrow flung at *Virtue's* Foes.
 He lives confess'd when *GARRICK* treads the Stage,
 Feels all his Wit, and glows with all his Rage.
 And *Thou*, to *Reason* just, and *SHAKESPEAR's* Claim,
 Still nobly press the fairest Way to Fame:
 Best Comment of thy *Master's* great Design,
 Around his Oak thy verdant Ivy twine.
 To Folly's weak Retreats let others fly,
 Lull the void Ear, or please th' incurious Eye;

'Tis *thine* while *Genius* leads thy Steps along,
 Guides thy just Hand, and prompts thy tuneful Tongue,
 To charm the wise with Nature, Wit, and Sense,
 Give Taste no Pain or Decency Offence:
 While dull Grimace, and wild Grottesque are made
 Thy noble Sacrifice to SHAKESPEAR'S Shade.
 Thou to whose Praise this infant Tongue was form'd,
 My wishful Breast whose bright Idea warm'd,
 Descend my Guide while I my Song pursue,
 Nor only tempt Me but conduct Me too!
 Assist the *Muse* to give the Clarion Breath,
 And follow thro' the Field insatiate *Death*;
 To paint in Blood young AVON'S refluent Stream,
 And NASEBY! rise to thy impassion'd Theme.
 Long courtly *Flattr'y*, brooding on the Slime
 Of Folly, that o'erflow'd in JAMES'S Time
 With Errors, monstrous as the Birth of Nile,
 Half-form'd, half quicken'd had annoy'd the *Me*;

When *Freedom*, nobly jealous of Decline,
 Her Censer fill'd with *HAMBDEN's* Fire divine, 230
 In Virtue's Care it shines with temp'rate Rays,
 The People's blessing and the PRINCE's Praise;
 But toss'd by *Faction's* sacrilegious Hand
 It burn'd the sacred Olives of the Land.
 * *ALECTO* like, the madning Fiend arose, 235
 Chang'd Love fraternal to the Rage of Foes.
 A thousand Names the ranc'rous Fury try'd,
 A thousand Arts, industrious to divide
 The promis'd Union, and the Bands of Love
 That pious CHARLES for his *Britannia* wove. 240
 She seiz'd the martial Trump, and swell'd it high
 With mimic Notes of glorious *Liberty*.
 IERNE's Shores the dire Alarm rebound,
 And dubious SCOTIA felt the ceaseless Sound.
 Around the Furys sable Banner came 245
 Much nameless Crowd, and Sects of ev'ry Name.

* Virgil. AEn: Lib. 7

Blind Discontent led here her num'rous Band,
 And there insatiate Int'rest gave command.
 But first, and most the stubborn Fiend possess'd
 The restless Bigot's dark congenial Breast. 250
 Meek Saints beneath the Cobler-Captain fought
 To practice what the preaching Cobler taught.
 And, while before Them prostrate Reason fell,
 Claim'd HEAVN'S Command to do the work of Hell.
 An honest Few th' ambiguous Call deceiv'd, 255
 Who still too little, or too much believ'd;
 They grew from ev'ry bright Example worse,
 And others Virtue was to them a Curse;
 With Honor's Gale they lanch'd away from Land
 But stuck at last in CROMWELL's secret Sand. 260
 In vain to bring this Chaos into Form
 Had powerful Patience strove to charm the Storm:
 In vain to level proud Rebellion's Head,
 Had Reason pleaded and had Valor bled;

When CHARLES'S Chiefs in NASEBY'S fatal Field 265
 Beheld their Foes to fancy'd Conquest yield;
 Their Steeds exulting felt the flowing Rein,
 And call'd for War, impatient not in vain:
 For Dangers seem'd, like Spots upon the Sun,
 Lost in the Glory that around them shone 270
 But as when Winds in peaceful Slumber lye,
 The rolling Smoke gains calmly on the Sky;
 Seen frequent where th' exhausted Fields require
 Their Refuse purg'd, and Life renew'd by Fire,
 But with the Gales th' awak'ning Flames revive;
 Rage as they rage, and press where'er They drive, 275
 The Rebel Bands thus slowly won their Way
 In dreadful Pomp of undeform'd Array,
 Rous'd by the piercing Trumpets martial Strain,
 Death, smiling ghastly, revel'd o'er the Plain, 275
 Wide flames the Field, loud Thunders roll around,
 The wild Woods tremble, and the Skies resound,

AVONA heard the long tremendous Roar,
 And trembling shrank within her echoing Shore.
 Fierce RUPERT'S Sword that beam'd with Glory bright
 Mark'd the bold Leader of th' important Fight. 285
 Swift as the Fair a Lover's Eyes pursue
 Thro' falling Ranks th' impetuous Hero flew.
 He forc'd his way, as when from AETNA'S Cells
 O'er ev'ry Bound the burning Torrent swells, 290
 While Woods and Walls oppose their Course in vain,
 The fi'ry Billows burn along the Plain.
 Awhile to Him the Fates resign'd the Day,
 And where He pointed wip'd a Name away.
 With manly Virtues LANGDALE grac'd the Field, 295
 Nor Fortune let Him win, nor Valor yield;
 For Vict'ry, yet to neither Part allied,
 On dubious Pinions flew from Side to Side.
 Hung now where CHARLES engag'd with Courage calm,
 O'er FAIRFAX blushing now she wav'd her Palm. 300

When stern ASTRAEA from her Heav'n reclin'd,
 Her Sword unsheath'd, her Look no longer kind;
 Her awful Form in Part the *Power* reveal'd,
 Part as She lay, the golden Clouds conceal'd,
 Such Clouds as wait on SOL's retiring Ray, 305
 Catch his mild Beams, and Night's dull Shades delay.
 Arise, She cry'd, dark *Spirit* of *Despair*,
 That mak'st a *Nation's* woe thy pleasing Care,
 Thou, that when Heav'n commands to scourge the whole,
 With curs'd Ambition fill'st a Tyrant's Soul; 310
 Thou, that when HEAV'N foretell's a Nation's Fate,
 Can'st lull to Rest the *Guardian's* of the State,
 Steal from the *Statesman's* Breast each gen'rous Part,
 Thou constant Inmate of each venal Heart:
 Behold yon *Me!* that only self oppres'd, 315
 No Bliss enjoys by being too much blest'd;
 That trafficks Freedom for an empty Claim,
 And loves in *Virtue* nothing but the Name,

Thence

Thence, thence, commiſſion'd by my juſt Command,
 Drive ev'ry Hope, and ſcourage the thankleſs Land. 320
 ASTRAEA ſpoke, Thou CROMWELL heardſt with Joy,
 And HELL outbidding, claim'dſt the dire Employ.
 Vice leſs than thine to this had ne'er aspir'd,
 Nor meaner Virtues have Succeſs acquir'd.
 Now RUPERT rag'd, and LANGDALE fought in vain; 325
 See FAIRFAX, prodigal of Life, diſdain
 His fallen Helm, and raviſh forc'd Applauſe,
 By Deeds eclipsing their inglorious Cauſe.
 Thro' rifted ALPS and over proſtrate Woods,
 When foaming ruſh the high deſcending Floods, 330
 When the gay Sun diſbands the ſilv'ry Snow,
 And ſwells the vernal Torrents furious Flow,
 All penſive ſee the Parent-Swain behold
 O'erwhelm'd his Cottage, and o'erflow'd the Fold;
 So, while in Fortune, and in Numbers ſtrong, 335
 The *Victor* urg'd the fatal Flight along,

Did CHARLES'S Bosom ev'ry Torture prove,
 Ufeless alike his Conduct and his Love,
 From Fame, from Conquest fly not thus away,
 Virtue shall win, and still be ours the Day; 340
 My Steps pursue, wash off th'inglorious Stain
 In Traitor's Blood. He said but spoke in vain.
 Distrust and Dread awak'd by false Alarm,
 Chill'd the cold Heart, and shrunk the nerveless Arm.
 Fear wing'd their Feet, Fear seiz'd on ev'ry Breast; 345
 And swell'd the Dangers that behind them press'd.
 From AVON'S Source emerging into Light,
 BRITAIN'S pale Genius view'd the fatal Flight.
 From his bright Palace in the sounding MAIN
 The Pride and Bulwark of his envied Reign, 350
 He came pervading all the wat'ry Way,
 Conscious and trembling for th'important Day!
 Such sacred Drops as flow from Eyes Divine,
 Such, as distinguish'd PITT! might fall from thine;

He shed o'er ev'ry Son who dy'd to prove 355
His Sense of *Loyal Zeal* or *Patriot Love*.
And there He met with many a deathless Name,
Whose Valor was but their inferior Fame.
Where *Life's* retiring Spark was yet alive,
It's heav'nly warmth He labor'd to revive; 360
But where He saw the fleeting Spirit fly
With Love parental, clos'd the beamless Eye.
And go, the rapt prophetic *Genius* said,
Illustrious *Virtues!* thus your Worth's repaid;
Go, take sublime your happier Flight from Earth 365
Snatch'd from the Curfes that await their Birth.
Time's big with Woe! I hear, alas I feel
Th' infernal Sentence, and the traitrous Steel.
FAIRFAX too late the dark DIVAN shall shun,
And blush to wear the Laurels He has won. 370
Who rais'd the Storm that rends the shatter'd State,
Shall claim the wreck and triumph o'er its Fate.

Nurs'd for the dark Designs of jealous Pow'r, bad all
 Mean Vices thrive, and hail the genial Hour. 375
Fraud, Folly, Zeal, Impiety, commence
 Joint War with *Virtue, Candor, Temper, Sense*.
 While fair *Religion's* bury'd with Disgrace,
 In the deep Furrows of a formal Face.
 Tir'd of the tragic Farce, too long their Shame,
 Their exil'd PRINCE my blushing Sons reclaim. 380
 Fair Hope revives beneath the Storms that rise
 To sweep away the Pest and purge the Skies!
 O now with Caution shift the flutt'ring Sail,
 Nor drive too far before the veering Gale.
 He comes indeed, and fees before Him fly 385
 The painted Harpy false *Hypocrisy*
 But rests content to take the Mask away;
 While Vice walks free and naked dares the Day.
 Where *Zeal* so lately triumph'd over Reason, 389
 Where Smiles were impious, and a Laugh was Treason,

Now

Now the loose Tongue, and ever simpring Face
 Assert their Loyalty by want of Grace;
 Despis'd alike in second CHARLES'S Reign
 Who practice Virtue, or who Virtue Feign,
 Late, the sole Merit was but *Vice* to skreen 395
 Now, none must blush but when their *Merit's* seen.
 And Joys light Train receive the Smiles, denied
 To *Spartan Honor, Eloquence,* and HYDE.
 The younger EXILE see from foreign Courts,
 With Care transplanting, what his Pow'r supports, 400
 The pois'nous Roots of arbitrary Sway,
 Whose fainter Shade eclips'd his Father's Day.
 But thro' the Gloom prophetic I discern
 Bright Suns arise, and Reason's Reign return.
 Thou WHARTON, blest'd in hoary Age shall see 405 *shall't*
 The glad Return of SACRED LIBERTY.
 When after *She* has made her fam'd Retreat,
 Expell'd from Palaces, to Learning's Seat,

Or dwelt with mitred Patriots in the Tow'r,
 She sees her WILLIAM crown the joyous Hour, 410
 And wide again expands her shelt'ring wing,
 And hears beneath it all the *Muses* Sing.
 Their glorious Song the deathless *Muses* raise,
 Pleas'd to foresee succeeding Themes of Praise.
 But why, beneath her own VESPASIAN'S Eye, 415
 Does languid BRITAIN breath the pensive Sigh?
 Why, GAUL exulting over Land and Main,
 Woo the bland *Zephyr's* BRITAIN'S Sails in vain?
 Why the rude Moor his fable Love adorn
 With spoils that once in BRITISH Hands were borne? 420
 Or why, that Glory beaming once so far
 Lost in the Lustre of the PRUSSIAN Star?
 O let not public Love's smooth Stream divide,
 But bury Faction in it's boundless Tide,
 From CIRCE's mad luxurious Cup refrain, 425
 View the false BRIBE with HONOR's nice disdain;

And

And graff your Laurels for a fair Encrease
On the green Olives of domestic Peace:
Then shall my Glory, your expanded Sails
Triumphant swell with either India's Gales. 430
The wond'ring Savage shall his Heav'n despise;
And trace your Steps in Search of happier Skies,
Protected Nations shall your Pow'r revere,
And the vain GAUL grow faithful thro' his Fear.
While conscious SPAIN whose Sun for ever shines, 435
Shall prize your Smiles beyond her glowing Mines.
And GEORGE in ALBION'S *Happiness* shall prove
An Earnest of the Joys He'll taste above.
For still fair Freedom shuns the tainted Breast,
They longest keep Her who deserve her best. 440
Such once were These. As their's, be your Applause,
Sincere at Once in HEAV'NS and ALBION'S Cause.
Let Hopes and Cares like these your Hearts inspire
With the Saint's Virtue, and the Hero's Fire.

D *The end of the First Part.*

And graft your talents for a fair exchange
On the great Office of domestic Peace
Then shall my Obedience, your expanded arms
I triumphant swell with Liberty's Gale
The wondrous saying shall in Heaven's temple
And trace your steps in search of happier skies
Pierced Nations shall your love receive
And the vine of God grow fruitful in the land
While continents strike whole new worlds
Still prize your smiles beyond all glowing wishes
And Greater in stature than the hills
An Angel of the joys of Heaven above
For still the Father's love is seated there
They longest keep their who have been well
Such once were these As then of the great Apostle
direct in Once in Heaven and Nations Cause
Let Hopes and Obedience like their own Hearts inspire
With the same spirit and the same fire

AVON.

PART II.

THE prescient *Genius* thus his song pursu'd,
And bath'd his wounds in AVON's murm'ring Flood.
The murm'ring Flood that hast'ning onward strays,
New Strength collects, and happier Scenes surveys.
Nor envy splendid *Nymph*, tho' many a Stream
Shall flow Partaker of thy tuneful Name.
BATH too has seen her AVON bear the Stain
Of valiant Blood, and swell'd with heaps of Slain.
Tho' now so long as DEATH has pow'r to fright,
Or too much Health is reckon'd unpolite;
While Time too flow for some, for some too fast,
Is slighted present, or desir'd when past;

30

A V O N

While flow the Founts which Joy to Slaves diffuse,

Enrich the *Monarch*, or inspire the *Muse*;

Or Patients are consign'd when hope's no more, 15

To pass by Water to th' Elysian Shore;

Far diff'rent *Hero's* shall encounter there,The Gamester calm shall Sap the gentle *Peer*,The bold *Hybernian* storm the yielding Fair,

And wits with Witlings endless war declare. 20

Thou *Namesake* bright, whose murm'ring Water rovesThro' the cool Shades of *Kingwood's* fragrant Groves;Tho' now the Flow'rs of *Peace* thy Banks adorn,And *Plenty* flings around her copious Horn,

Remember'st yet thy bloomy Vales consign'd 25

By the bold *Norman*, to the Fox and Hind.

They see the Desert widening to their way,

Their Tyrant Man become to Man a Prey.

In Suff'ring social Parties wise too late

Compare the Curses of their equal Fate. 30

See

See the pale Mother frantic in Despair
 From tott'ring Ruins snatch her infant Care;
 The Babe who finds with wants unknown oppress'd
 No safer Shelter than her pensive Breast.
 Decrepit Age look'd round with hopeless Eye,
 And beg'd in vain a quiet Place to die.
 To sacred Shrines the pious fly their Woes,
 But find a Ruin where the Structure rose,
 And read inscrib'd on desolated Fanes,
 That nothing's sacred where a Tyrant reigns.
 But the sad Theme shall ever stand display'd
 By that sweet Muse that brighten'd Windsor's Shade;
 A Muse whose Magic might have charm'd the Fates
 Of those who suffer'd what her Song relates.

My silver Theme, a Theme for equal Lays,
 Must flow content awhile with humbler Praise.
 No GANGES She, nor Amazonian Tide
 To spread o'er Worlds her waste of Waters wide.

Mild AVON drains her frugal Urn to feed
 The swelling Bud, or cool the smiling Mead; 50
 To lave the fleecy Flock, or kindly yield
 Her genial Moisture to the gen'rous Field.
 But sees gay Plenty follow where She flows,
 Pay the Swain's Toil, and sweeten his Repose!
 Sees her green Banks the bleating Nations throng, 55
 Or tunes her Murmurs to the Fair-Ones Song.
 Who carrols while She fills the balmy Pail,
 In feign'd Indiff'rence to her Lover's Tale
 Where once the dark Recluse in tasteless Ease.
 And * SULEBY'S Walls consum'd his useless Days: 60
 Or ravish'd from the World the wishful Maid
 Curs'd the dull Cloister's solitary Shade.
 And often bending o'er his past'ral Staff,
 The simple Swain enjoys an artless Laugh,
 To see the curious Passenger survey 65
 Each Vestige dark, of old VITELLIUS' Way,

* See Cambden's Britannia.

And question where above the wat'ry Plain
 Rose the arch'd Witness of the *Roman* Reign.
 But see! victorious *Time* triumphant come,
 Borne on the Ruins of eternal *ROME!* 70
 While ev'ry letter'd Stone, that told her Fame,
 Submits to bear this greater Conq'ror's Name.
 Worn by the ceaseless Steps of envious Years
 Now the fam'd Track abruptly disappears;
 Or now discloses some obscure Remains, 75
 To tempt the patient Antiquary's Pains,
 Who fed on sweet Conjecture all the Day,
 Oft wanders pathless to find out the *Way*.
 Nor think the *Muse* disdains to turn the Page
 Worn with the Touches of injurious Age: 80
 She pleas'd again illuminates the Name,
 That *Time* has blotted from the List of Fame.
 A Fate like this, was fair *VONANIA*, thine,
 Again to give Thee to the World be mine.

When

When ROME's bold *Eagles*, stooping from their Height, 85
 From ALBION's Cliffs prepar'd to take their Flight.
 While the fierce *Vultures* of the *North* defy'd
 Their loudest Threats, and check'd their wonted Pride.
 Rich in each Grace that merits to be sung,
 From *British* Blood the lovely *Virgin* sprung. 90
 Sunk in the Bosom of a sacred Wood
 Her valiant *Father's* lowly Cottage stood;
 The golden Sun ne'er pierc'd the woven Shade,
 But where on AVON's trembling waves it play'd:
 For there disowning still a Conq'ror's Claim 95
 He fought for Freedom, while He fled from Fame.
 There to his Love the chaste CLIMINIA gave
 The matchless *Maid* and GASDURIX the brave,
 And while she sported on the neighbouring Shore
 From thence her Name the fair VONANIA bore. 100
 The Boy was taught with martial Art to wield
 The beaming Sword, or turn the steady Shield,

Make the sharp Jav'lin through the cleft Air sing
 And draw with fatal Hand the sounding String.
 To tame the sprightly Steed, and fearless brave, 105
 With yet unequal Strength the threat'ning Wave,
 To Danger wedded, nor allow'd to shun
 Stern Winter's Storms, or Summer's sultry Sun.
 The softer Graces that adorn'd the Fair,
 Repay'd the wise CLIMINIA's early Care. 110
 But the fond Parents stoop'd to Fate's Command,
 E'en in the Prospect of their promis'd Land.
 The Loss a *Druid's* pious Love supplies,
 From Wisdom virtuous, from Experience wise.
 To Him for safe Advice the dubious press'd, 115
 The Sick for Health, for Succor the distress'd;
 And e'en the vicious fear'd the sacred Sage,
 White with the Snows of venerable Age.
 Encamp'd where bold VITELLIVS mark'd the way,
 Near the dark Grove, the station'd Romans lay; 120

Where now their Place, beneath a happier Sky,
 *LILBORN'S white Flocks, and peaceful Swains supply,
 The Swains, who mixing many a sage Remark,
 Feign'd Fable, Truth disguis'd and Proverb dark,
 Record where still beneath the Vesture green, 1125
 The swelling Mount and sinking Foss are seen.
 Among the Bands for martial Merit fam'd,
 A glorious Place the brave LICINIUS claim'd,
 Nor with a meaner wreath was FABIUS crown'd,
 For Courage each, and each for Arts renown'd. 1130
 As AVON'S Stream LICINIUS once pursu'd,
 Where the soft Current cut the Waving Wood,
 Such was his wont, what Time was happily spar'd
 From portion'd Duties, and the circling Guard,
 Surpriz'd He saw beneath a Poplar's Shade 1135
 Reclin'd upon her Arm the slumb'ring Maid:
 An artless Smile, whose Love-creative Grace
 Diffus'd a melting Softness o'er her Face,

*Camden.

E

Appear'd

Appear'd the bright Reflection of a Mind
 Repos'd in Virtue, and by Nature kind. 140
 The wanton Gales that fann'd her flowing Vest
 By turns reveal'd, and hid her swelling Breast;
 Where lost in Sweets a Rose expiring lay,
 And vanquish'd breath'd its fragrant Soul away.
 LICINIUS felt his am'rous Heart incline, 145
 To wish her Mortal, whom He fear'd divine:
 But when the Youth beheld th' awak'ning Maid
 Raise her bright Eyes, that chas'd the flying Shade,
 Nor more astonish'd in the Tyrian Grove
 The Trojan Chief beheld the Queen of Love; 150
 Nor Charms superior Love's soft Queen possess'd,
 When as she mov'd, the Goddess shone confess'd,
 Taught Eloquence by Love, He told his Pain,
 And beg'd Compassion, but He beg'd in vain.
 Swift as a Star that shoots along the Night, 155
 The Virgin flew, the Youth pursu'd her Flight:

And still resolv'd his Passion to declare,
 For Love finds hope where Reason sees Despair.
 He search'd, 'till Fortune his Enquiry crown'd,
 'Till the low Cottage, and the *Fair* He found. 160
 And while in trembling Accents He address'd
 His Soul's fair *Empress*, and her Pow'r confess'd.
 The *Virgin* heard Him with a dubious Ear,
 More lost in Wonder, than oppress'd with Fear.
 Smil'd as He strove to make his Passion known, 165
 And seem'd to think his Words, were Words alone.
 Not so repuls'd, each Day th'admiring Youth
 His Love repeated, and avow'd his Truth;
 So sweet his Voice, and Eloquent his Eye,
 So warm the Rapture, so sincere the Sigh, 170
 At length the lovely Convert could but own,
 She thought no more his Words were Words alone,
 But said tho' true, yet still his Vows were vain,
 And while she check'd Him, mimick'd ill Disdain.

FABIVS, by Chance made conscious of his Flame, 175
 In Love oppos'd Him, as before in Fame;
 Yet not alone by gentle Love inspir'd
 Pale Envy rous'd Him, and wild Passion fir'd.
 As some small Stream at first nor loud nor strong,
 By soft Insinuation steals along, 180
 But if oppos'd, it's hidden Strength collects,
 Demands a Way, and ev'ry Bound rejects;
 So daring FABIVS fought the secret Shade,
 What e'er the Means, resolv'd to win the Maid.
 But now pale Sorrow banish'd from her Breast 185
 The soft Ideas busy Love impress'd:
 For the fleet Deer as GASDURIX pursu'd,
 Deep in the dark Recesses of the Wood,
 The fearless Youth a barb'rous Band surpriz'd,
 His Strength was useless, and his Pray'rs despis'd, 190
 For CYNTHIA shew'd again her sacred Light,
 Whose glad Return they met with many a Rite,

In human *Blood* her savage Altars dy'd,
 And bath'd her *Idols* in the crimson Tide:
 Impatient of his stay the trembling Maid
 Turn'd her sad Eyes to ev'ry wonted Glade:
 In vain, for now the painted Band decreed,
 To grace their Goddesses, *GASDURIX* shou'd bleed.
 'Twas silence all. The kindling Flames arise,
 Gild the dark Grove, and pierce the fading Skies.
 The fatal Brass return'd a threat'ning Gleam,
 The Pale reflex of *CYNTHIA*'s silver Beam.
 The mutt'ring *Priest* shew'd each cerulean Stain,
 Grown purple with the Blood of Captives Slain,
 While wrapt in Grief the fetter'd Victim fate,
 And read the dreadful Preface of his Fate.
 The distant *Fair* Pain's full Dominion prov'd;
 Much the lost *Youth* She mourn'd, as much She lov'd.
 Adown her lovely Neck her Tresses flow,
 The graceful Negligence of artless Woe.

Each silent Shade a double Sadness wore,
 And murmur'ing Avon tuneful flow'd no more.
 But what she cry'd, avail my feeble Tears?
 Save *Him* my Sighs, or rescue *Him* my Fears?
 Let bright Example now my Breast inflame, 215
 For *Man* usurps not here the Warrior's Fame.
 Oft in the Chase I've borne the toilsome day,
 A nobler Ardor now directs my Way.
 She said, and soon in martial Suit array'd,
 In search of Danger sped the desp'rate *Maid*. 220
 Along the winding Valley now She flew,
 Climb'd the steep Hill, and pierc'd the Thicket through;
 'Till the grey Mountains shaded o'er the Plain,
 And Night's fair *Queen* commenc'd her silent Reign.
 By Chance conducted, or the treach'rous Flame, 225
 To the dire Scene the fair VONANIA came.
 Cold Horror seiz'd the *Virgin's* shudd'ring Breast,
 Shook her soft Frame and ev'ry Sense suppress'd:

The trembling *Maid* when *GASDURIX* espy'd;
 O! fly from hence my best belov'd! He cry'd;
 O ne'er before *unwelcome* to my Sight,
 My Pains increase not! Safety lies in Flight.
 When those sweet Accents reach'd *VONANIA'S* Ear,
 New Life she felt, and banish'd ev'ry Fear.
 I come, my gen'rous *Youth*! I come, She said,
 (While from Her Hand the rapid Jav'lin sped)
 To share thy Sorrows, or dispel thy grief,
 Relinquish my Life, or give to Thee Relief,
 Wing'd with her Will the faithful Jav'lin flew,
 And pierc'd the Leader's barb'rous Bosom through;
 Across the turf'd Altar tumbling prone.
 With Victim's Blood the *Priest* diffus'd his own;
 And ev'ry Limb, as ebb'd retiring Breath,
 * Was sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Death.
 Now mad Revenge their savage Bosoms seiz'd,
 No Pity touch'd them, and no Charms appeas'd.

Long absent from his Love, as some fond swain
 Eyes from the beaten Beech the restless Main,
 And tortur'd sees the racking Waves o'er bear
 The shatter'd Ship that holds th'expected Fair; 250
 But o'er the sinking Bark when rides the storm
 His Soul dissolves, He stands a Lifeless-Form;
 So GASDURIK with aching Eyes survey'd
 The desp'rate Conflict of the martial Maid;
 The martial Maid who vanquish'd must assuage 255
 Their injur'd Goddess, and their barb'rous Rage.
 When Eve, triumphant o'er retiring Day
 Had hung her Gems on ev'ry glitt'ring Spray;
 Intents to each unknown as each pursu'd,
 By various Paths the Rivals sought the Wood. 260
 In vain her evening Walk, the watry Dell
 LICINIUS search'd, in vain the vacant Cell.
 In Doubt, in Hope, impatient, and surpriz'd;
 As Chance directed, or as Fear advis'd

He rov'd; 'Till near the woven Shade he came, 265
 Where the bold *Picts* reviv'd the sacred Flame.
 Here, while the *Fair* with dubious Steps He fought,
 An equal Fate the valiant *FABIUS* brought.
 When the bright *Maid* indulging fond Distress,
 Refus'd the softer Elegance of Dress, 270
 She lost a pearly Bracelet; that had bound
 Her Arm, the Toy th'enraptur'd *FABIUS* found.
 When bold *LICINIUS* saw, with wond'ring Eyes,
 His Rival triumph with th'important Prize,
 O valiant *FABIUS*, ease He cry'd my Care, 275
 What tidings bring'st Thou of the wand'ring Fair?
 O may my Fears, my Terrors groundless prove
VONANIA more than Light, than life I love.
 Whatever wish, cry'd *FABIUS*, once possess'd
 Whatever Fear has seiz'd my Rival's Breast, 280
 Around my Wrist behold this Trophy shine,
 It grac'd the *Maid's* before it circled mine.

LICINIUS cry'd thy Life's to Justice due,
To Love, to Me--and forth his Falchion flew.
His bold Opponent stood prepar'd for Fight, 285
The bright Steel spark'ling thro' th' eventful Night.
When hark! their Ears a direful Clamor wounds,
The dark Wood trembles, and the Sky resounds.
When FABIVS thus in dubious Parly said,
A while brave Youth be private Wrath delay'd, 290
Our succor, hark! some helpless Suff'rer needs,
Let's follow Fame where glorious Danger leads;
Fight now like Friends, again to meet as Foes,
And join our Laurels for the Conq'ror's Brows.
He spoke. Persisting where the swelling Sound 295
Their Steps conducted o'er the pathless Ground,
Through woven Boughs now shoots a glimm'ring Ray,
Now the dread Pomp the spreading Fires display.
There the sad Youth his comely Head declin'd,
With Looks that spoke the Tortures of his Mind; 300

While round his Wastle the weeping *Virgin* threw
 Her Arms, and struggled for a last adieu;
 In vain, divided by th' un pitying Throng,
 Who murm'ring drag'd the prostrate *Fair* along,
 Thus urg'd with Hunger, or the Rage of Cold,
 The spotted *Pards* invade the trembling Fold,
 If chance the princely *Lyon* comes in fight
 They quit their Prey to wait the promis'd Fight:
 So when before the *Picks* admiring Eyes
 The *Romans* stood, they left their destin'd Prize,
 In all the Insolence of Strength engage,
 While Disappointment stimulates their Rage.
 By Pride and matchless Emulation fir'd
 Rush'd *FABIUS* on, to more than Man inspir'd;
 While fond *LICINIUS* borne on Wings of Love,
 Pierc'd like the radiant Shaft of angry *Jove*,
 The bolder fell; the timid won by Flight
 The kind Protection of the fav'ring *Night*.

But still, tho' fav'd by Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 Fear check'd the Transports of the dubious Fair; 320
 But all was Rapture, when VONANIA knew
 The trembling Foe before LICINIUS flew:
 Through Art's thin Cover shone resistless Truth,
 And Love's soft Glances hail'd the gen'rous Youth.
 Alone He came, for red with many a Wound 325
 His bold Associate press'd the tepid Ground.
 Accept, He cry'd, the Gift may Heav'n improve!
 Of Life from Him that only lives to love.
 And O! by those sharp Fears that late possess'd,
 By the warm Joys that now transport your Breast, 330
 Conceive the Bliss your Smiles on Me bestow,
 Conceive what Pains from your Displeasure flow,
 If Life comes welcome to the *Maid* divine,
 Of all that makes it happy rob not Mine.
 While the fond *Youth* his tender Hopes profess'd, 335
 Love fann'd his Flame in fair VONANIA's Breast.

O! why, she sigh'd, has Nature form'd my Heart
So full of Softness, yet so void of Art?
E'en now perhaps, infected by thy Love,
These Eyes confess what Reason can't approve. 340
For should my Soul with mutual Passion burn,
Can I alas a *Roman's* Love return?
Can I? whose Father thought the *Roman* Name
A living Record of his Country's Shame.
The *Virgin* thus, and downward bent her Eye, 345
Felt the warm Blush, and breath'd the tender Sigh.
When thus the *Youth* whose grateful Bosom glow'd
For Life preserv'd, and Liberty bestow'd;
Fain would I valiant *Friend*, thy Name forget,
And pay Thee Gratitude's exhaustless Debt. 350
Know, yonder distant Vale contains a *Sage*,
Whose pious Love secur'd our tender Age;
To *Him* oblig'd by more than Nature's Law,
His voice we hear with more than filial Awe.

If *He* consulted shall thy Flame approve, 355
May fair VONANIA crown thy matchless Love.
Assent ensu'd, and on they bent their Way,
And saw the roseat *East* proclaim the Day.
The tuneful Bard reclin'd along the Ground
Beneath an Oak's auspicious Shade They found, 360
Whose Branches, some were o'er his Cell display'd,
And some o'er AVON cast their dusky Shade.
When the lost *Youth* approach'd the vap'ry Tide,
In haste He threw the sounding Lyre aside;
A Tear of Joy bedew'd his furrowy Face, 365
And Love paternal warm'd his fond Embrace.
Th' impatient Briton then began recite
The various Dangers of the direful Night,
Shews the brave *Youth* and dwelt upon his Praise,
And last VONANIA's tender Tale displays. 370
While GASDURIK address'd th' attentive Sage,
The dread Description shook his feeble Age;

He

He blest'd the *Gods*, the vent'rous *Roman* blest'd,
Then paus'd awhile, and thus the *Maid* address'd.

To give the due Desert to worth like thine, 375

Is the first Pleasure of the Pow'rs divine:

And learn, fair Daughter, how the Gods approve

Thy pious Fears, yet crown thy virtuous Love.

But think not *Liberty* can only dwell

In the wild Desert, and th' unsocial Cell; 380

Mild *Culture* gives Her all her graceful Airs,

Gilds ev'ry Smile, and ev'ry Charm repairs.

ROME's valiant Sons are thus our Foes no more;

'Tis theirs to sow the Seeds of heav'nly Lore,

To free the Mind from Prejudice and Pride, 385

And through the Paths of Art be *Nature's* Guide:

Nor hold in vain Contempt the *Roman* Name,

A Common Father both our Nations claim,

Thou lovely Virgin, oft hast heard Me tell

How HELEN wander'd, and proud ILIUM fell.

TROY's scatter'd Seed the Fates not only bore
 To letter'd GREECE, and TIBER's martial Shore,
 But Part was sown by Heav'n's directing Hand,
 And flourish'd fair in ALBION's chosen Land.
 Hence the same patriot Zeal and sacred Fire, 395
 Hence her own TULLY's *Britain* shall admire.
 Hence then in Times remote shall Hero's spring,
 And deathless Poets deathless Chieftains sing.
 And hence her gen'rous Sons shall ever see
 Their Altars smoke to lovely *Liberty*. 400
 To see that grave *Tradition* has not ly'd,
 Behold where AVON rolls her silver Tide
 To meet the fam'd SABRINA's Amber Stream,
 Whose Urn's inscrib'd with gentle SABRA's Name.
 For yonder Fields, where either confluent Flood 405
 * The stern OSTORIUS stain'd with native Blood,
 In Ages past, as holy Bards record,
 LOEGRIA call'd, LOCRINE for their Lord;

*Gibson's Addit: to *Camden*.

From BRUTUS He; who spread at Heav'n's Command
 His fated Sails for ALBION's happy Land: 410
 His Sails the valiant CORINAEUS bore
 His bold Associate to the chalky Shore.
 Tho' much the Chief for arduous Deeds might claim,
 His Daughter's Beauty match'd his Arms in Fame.
 Yet lovely as she shone, she shone in Vain: 415
 To LOCRINE's Eyes, and met with cold Disdain;
 Tho' to give Firmness to the tott'ring Throne,
 And make her *Father's* dreaded Pow'r his own,
 The Prince with Pray'rs and Policy comply'd,
 And made the flighted GUENDOLEN his Bride: 420
 Peace took her Flight, for Love had never spread
 His joyous Pinions o'er the nuptial Bed.
 But soon th' ill-fated Chief was doom'd to prove
 The Pow'r of Charms, and Tyranny of Love.
 When fled the *Hun* before his conq'ring Host, 425
 And left his Name to boist'rous *Humber's* Coast,

A *Nymph* as summer warm, and sweet as Spring,
 Enrich'd the Spoils of fair LOEGRIA's King.
 The Victor's Eye the lovely Captive seiz'd,
 At once she pain'd Him, and at once she pleas'd. 430
 Distress had soften'd ev'ry tender Grace,
 And pour'd resistless Languor o'er her Face.
 Love made th' Assault, and soon at large possess'd,
 With all a Conq'ror's Pomp, his yielding Breast;
 While her great Father's awful Pow'r alone 435
 Secur'd the flighted GUENDOLEN the Throne:
 With Her awhile the glitt'ring Pride remain'd,
 But bright ESTRILDIS only charm'd and reign'd.
 The Fair not conscious of the sacred Claim,
 Approv'd his Passion, as she shar'd his Flame. 440
 But LOCRINE sought the sylvan Shade among,
 Studious of Peace, and mindful of the wrong,
 Some still Retreat; remov'd from curious Eyes
 Of the fierce Rival, or assiduous Spies.

As flies the Parent-Bird on Wings of Fear, 445
 And anguish'd fees the watchful Shepherd near,
 Now stops, and looks, and heaves the downy Breast,
 Then trembling hurries to the secret Nest;
 So the fond *Prince* his cautious Visits paid;
 So fear'd Observance, and so watch'd the Shade, 450
 Their Passion here the lovely *SABRA* crown'd,
 In Life as blameless, as in Death renown'd.
 Behold the sweet but unexpanded Rose,
 Behold in bright Effulgence when it glows:
 The *Virgin* thus gave Hints of ev'ry Grace 455
 That Time had open'd in her Parent's Face.
 Harmonious Health of Mind and Body bless'd
 Her Days with Pleasure, and her nights with Rest;
 No Care, had Love for Her, no Torments Hate,
 No Charms Ambition, or Allurements State. 460
 Sweet were thy Days e'er *LOCRINE*'s restless Mind
 Disdain'd the Grant, of even a Bliss confin'd,

But tho' *Life's* giddy Cup we wisely blend,
 Folly's light Froth will yet at last ascend.
 Thus when the *Queen* enough distress'd to prove 465
 The sharp reflection of rejected Love,
 Wept her great *Sire*, who full of Years and Praise
 Had seal'd the glorious Record of his Days;
 He gave the Scepter to the fav'rite *Fair*,
 That One the Kingdom, and the King might Share. 470
 The sacred Vows of holy Love abus'd,
 Her Glory darken'd, and her Crown refus'd,
 Her Charms detested, and a Rival blest'd,
 Were wrongs the *Queen* in tented Fields redress'd;
 There stern *Revenge* dug LOGRINE's early Grave, 475
 And sunk the *Fair* beneath th'avenging Wave.
 Enough is given to *Love*, enough to *Pride*,
 ESTRILDIS wrong'd *Thee*, and ESTRILDIS died.
 Infatiate *Fury*, what has SABRA done?
 Or wherefore expiates Errors not her own? 480

See Death's dread Agents hide their reeking Hands,
 And start with Horror at thy dire Commands,
 O feel her Tears! O read her suasive Eyes!
 But what can ruthless jealousy suffice?
 For trembling as it flow'd, the sedgy Stream
 Receiv'd the Virgin, and retain'd her Name.

The end of the Second Part.

A V O N.

P A R T III.

AS fading Flow'rets fed with heav'nly Dew
Resume their Fragrance, and their Youth renew;
As the bright *Sun* beams forth in all his Pride,
When *Zephyr* blows the transient Clouds aside;
So when He sung what Claims congenial grace,
Rome's valiant Sons, and *Britain's* manly Race:
Reviving ev'ry Charm the sprightly *Fair*
Her smiles relum'd, dismiss'd the pensive Air,
Her Eye was pointed with a livelier Ray,
And all the *Nymph* was easy, kind, and gay.
His Wings triumphant wav'd the *Paphian* Boy,
And placid *Hymen* seal'd the mutual Joy.

But

But not the pale Dependent's anxious Mind,
 Nor *Lapland Witch* that rides the rapid Wind,
 No long-forfaken Virgin press'd to wed,
 No Murd'rer's Conscience, or Projector's Head,
 Such wild Extremes, such curst-blest Moments prove,
 Such Whims and Wonders, as a Heart in Love.

Thou, kind Companion of the grateful *Muse*,
 Who mild *Avon*'s silv'ry Path pursues,
 O shun th'uncertain Sea whence *Venus* rose,
 And taste awhile the Bosom's calm Repose:
 See where serenely gay the *Nymph* invites
 To more secure, tho' less sublime Delights:
 The studious Angler see with pleasing Care
 The flowing Line, and quiv'ring Rod prepare
 Delightful Task! when all the Woodland sing
 The roseat Beauties of inspiring Spring.
 O then may *Patience*, Wisdom's meek-ey'd Friend,
 To ev'ry fam'd Recess his Steps attend;

And then, propitious, to the Vot'ry's Skill,
 Flow soft ye Waters, and ye Winds be still.
 Nor may'st Thou find th'amphibious Otter there:
 As flies the prudent Herd the wounded Deer,
 His Vestige shun, or soon expect from far 35
 Destructive to thy Sports the gath'ring War.
 For hark! amain th'impatient Hounds rejoice
 And hail their Huntsman's animating Voice.
 On ev'ry Gale the thick'ning Echos ride,
 Start from each Hill, and wav'ring skim the Tide. 40
 In loose Array, along the gulfy Banks,
 Intent the Spearmen stretch their hostile Ranks.
 Deep in his Cell, immers'd in awful Night,
 The Wily Murrer meditates his Flight,
 Around him scatter'd Proofs of recent Guilt, 45
 Scales shining still, and Blood but newly spilt.
 So Cacus trembling heard the Rocks rebound,
 His sunless Grot when bold ALCIDES found.

Each tainted Trace the cautious Hound repeats,
 And winds an Entrance to the dark retreats. 50
 Press'd from his Shades He views the clam'rous Throng,
 Dreads the dire Sight, and dives the Waves among:
 The frothy Furrow marks his secret Flight,
 And joyous Shouts proclaim the welcome Sight.
 Thus when with Blood of slaughter'd VOLSCIANS red 55
 To thin *Corioli* ROME's Exile fled,
 Secure of dear Revenge the Foe carefs'd,
 In faithless arms, their formidable Guest.
 He plies his Oars, and hears above him sound
 The Waves that croud before the panting Hound. 60
 The first alike in Danger, as in Fame,
 Elate with conscious Worth pursues the Game.
 With bright Example warm'd, or fir'd with Praise,
 Each mean *Plebeian* of the Pack obeys.
 The Chas'd and Chafer now for arms prepare, 65
 Inspir'd with Hope, and stung with keen Despair:

*Not more resolv'd the fierce PELIDES stood,
 And brav'd the Terrors of *Scamander's* Flood
 Scar'd at His Rage and weak with many a Wound,
 Aloof the shudd'ring *Recreants* sail around. 70
 Heroic Ringwood seiz'd the desp'rate Foe,
 And forc'd to Realms of gloomy Night below,
 In vain victorious oft, and always brave,
 Breath'd his last Breath beneath the bubling Wave.
 AVONA long'd in vain to lend her Aid; 75
 *Thus CYANE' bewail'd the ravish'd Maid,
 When angry PLUTO bid her Waves divide,
 And bore to Hell his Melancholy *Bride*.
 Each tender Sportsman sees with anxious Eye
 The boldest vanquish'd, and the tim'rous fly. 80
 Nor anguish'd more ROME's hardy Legions saw
 Their filken Champion from the Fight withdraw,
 From conquer'd *Parthia* when the Vet'rans came
 And Idly blushing for the Warriors Shame,

*See Homer.

*Ovid Metam.

Saw the green Laurels they had bled to gain 85
 Ignobly sink in *Aetium's* fatal Main.
 What Dog so dastard but his late Disgrace,
 With Pride indignant summons to the Chace?
 Their Foe no more can quit the genial Air;
 Oppress'd by Fate, and impotent with Fear, 90
 Confus'd and faint He steers from Side to Side,
 No Cell protects Him, and no Shade can hide.
 He gains the Land, and foaming stands at Bay,
 If not to save, at least protract the Day.
 A fleeting Hope! He feels the rankling Dart 95
 Pierce his soft Side, and chill his shudd'ring Heart.
 With Neck reclin'd He strives in vain to draw
 The Shaft, compress'd within his stiff'ning Jaw.
 Each Hound vindictive laps the Life that's shed,
 A due Libation to their Kindred-dead. 100
 But these Delights so joyous, high, divine,
 O museful Angler, are not Joys of thine.

Scarce

Scarce less *Britannia's* scented Hero's pray,
 Their only Pray'r, to shun War's boist'rous Day;
 Scarce less *Britannia's* prudish Beauties long
 To shun, their only Fear, the cens'ring Tongue:
 Than thou to fly the Croud's tumultuous Noise,
 So fatal to thy soft, and secret Joys.
 His Steps ye *Nymphs*, to Shades Sequester'd bear,
 Alike from private, and from public Care,
 And patient while He throws his curious Eye
 Intent upon the Stream, that's murm'ring by,
 His placid Musing O! propitious feed
 With the warm Vapors of *Virginia's* Weed;
 Or kindly lull his gentle Soul to Rest,
 In sweet Indulgence o'er the future Feast.
 His arduous Heart what Hopes, what Raptures fill,
 While dances on the stream the salient Quill.
 Accuse not *Fortune* that without its Prize
 The waving Line around Thee flutt'ring flies:

So when to win the wrinkled Miser's Heart,
 Some sly Designer works with ev'ry Art,
 And now the treasur'd Heap in Thought enjoys,
 He strikes too soon, and ev'ry Hope destroys.
 Again the Buoy the dimpling Stream receives, 125
 Again submers'd it cut's the circling Waves;
 See the rod bends. In bright Effulgence gleam
 His radiant Scales, the Pride of AVON's Stream.
 But sweet Temptation how can Fish repel
 When Saints that eat them thrice a week have fel. 130
 Thus from the Morn, when all reviving Spring
 Has shook the Dew-Drops from her fragrant Wing;
 'Till weary SOL shoots faint the levell'd Beam
 And Winter's Hand arrests the torpid Stream,
 His various Arts the practis'd Sportsman tries, 135
 Studious of Seasons as They fall or rise.
 Marks ev'ry Cloud that checks the radiant Day,
 Nor let's a Breeze fleet unobserv'd away.

For him the Skies their pendent Drops retain,
Nor show'rs descend, nor Thunders roll in vain. 140
The painted fly now flutters o'er the Brook,
Now writhes the tortur'd Worm around the Hook:
And oft, in States when civil Discords grow,
As private Feuds instruct the gen'ral Foe,
The meaner natives of the Stream betray 145
The daring Tyrants of the Wat'ry Way.
In all the wantonness of Health elate,
Like the bold Glutton, they devour their Fate.
Indulgence dear! for soon convuls'd they feel,
The sharp Remonstrance of the bearded Steel. 150
Thus wars the *Victor* 'till the pitying Night
Her signal spreads, and ends th' unequal Fight.
Then warm with social Draughts he fights again
"His Battles o'er, and thrice he slays the slain."
Tells o'er the bending Rod what Dangers hung 155
When the mail'd *Perch* for Life disputed long;

What

What Skill the curv'd vivacious *Eel* subdu'd,
 What length of Line the eager *Pike* pursu'd;
 His silver Breadth how spreading o'er the Stream
 Submitted to the Stroke the slipp'ry *Bream*;
 What art seduc'd the spiny *Ruff* to Land,
 How social *Gudgeons* blacken'd o'er the Sand.
 Counts all the wat'ry Tribes that proudly play
 In Sol's bright Beams, or shun the golden Day.
 Much o'er the slain He triumphs unconfin'd;
 And much He threatens Those He left behind.
 AVONA hears the Champion's Boast dismay'd
 And calls her blue-ey'd NAIADS to her Aid.
 The fertile *Swift* an early Tribute yields,
 And wins her Way from LEICESTER'S sheafy Fields,
 Gilt with the Rays of WICKLIFF'S orient Star
 That scatter'd ROME'S *Egyptian* Darknefs far:
 Truths early Phosphor, that with Light divine,
 Led the wise Men to see the Day-Spring shine.

Thy Fountains, **BIRTON**, lend their lucid Store, 175
 But weep their **CLIO** tuneless now no more.
 For there She bid her Addison rehearse
 The matchless Tale, or chaunt the virtuous Verse;
 There mildly grave, or innocently gay,
 Adorn the serious, or the social Day; 180
 And spread **AVONA**'s flow'ry Borders round
 With all the beautiful Growth, of Classic Ground.
 Allay'd with soft **ICENE**'s murmur'ing Stream,
 Her kind Assistance lends the gen'rous **LEAM**.
 * **LEAM** glorious once when flow'd her envy'd Tide, 185
 Adorn'd with valiant **OFFA**'s tow'ry Pride.
 And heard the scepter'd **ETHELBERT** complain
 Of treach'rous Vows, and injur'd Love in vain;
 See' panting for the *Fair* the cheated Guest!
 Start from the midnight Dagger at his Breast; 190
 But, faithless King, just Heav'n records the Deed,
 And **LEAM** beheld thy Fav'rite **FREEMUND** bleed.

From royal walls the Conq'ror's, fam'd Repose
 Now fam'd no more, the shaded T H E L L Y flows;
 The S T O U R obeys, and quits the bourny Plain, 195
 Where E D M U N D yielded to the martial Dane.
 From their green Forests tributary flow
 The willow'd *Arrow*, and the flow'ry *Bow*,
 Nam'd from the Arms the Virgin *Cynthia* wore,
 Or bathing scatter'd o'er the smiling Shore: 200
 So Fable tells, when *Arden's* echoing Shades
 Lur'd the chaste *Goddeſs* and her *Hintreſs Maids*,
 To greet the ſoft-ey'd Train, with conſcious Pride,
 A V O N A ſpreads her ſhining Boſom wide.
 But once beheld a faded Form appear, 205
 All pale her Cheek, and trac'd with many a Tear;
 Her Eyes retiring Luſtre faintly ſhone,
 An Ev'ning lovely, tho' the Day was gone;
 Loofe flow'd Her Hair, Her Azure Veſt was tore,
 A broken Lance, and broken Urn ſhe bore; 210

And

And round her Urn, with mossy Cov'ring green,
 * Inscrib'd the *Lady* of the *Lake* was seen.
 Stay, lovely *Stream*, the Phantom seem'd to say,
 Bright *Nymph*, in Pity to thy suppliant stay:
 You knew me once, nor think my boasting vain, 215
 A fairer *Naiad* never grac'd your Train.
 Long for my Love the mighty MERLIN figh'd,
 But bound by Me to magic Caves He dy'd.
 Live, ruthless *Maid*, He then pronounc'd my Doom,
 Unheeded then it echo'd from his Tomb. 220
 Live, ruthless *Maid*, by Fate condemn'd to prove,
 Pangs only less than those of flighted Love.
 For though thy frozen Breast shall quench the Fire
 Of genial Love; nor glow with soft Desire,
 Yet shalt thou taste the Curse of cold Disdain, 225
 Yet shalt Thou live to doat, but doat in vain;

* The *Lady* of the *Lake* was a popular Character in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*,
 and introduced to make part of her entertainment at *Kenelworth*. For a further
 Account, see *Mr. Warton's* observation on the *Faerie Queen*.

And weep away, till not a Tear can flow
 To tell thy silent Tale, or sooth thy Woe.
 With Love at once and dire Resentment stung,
 Thus from his Cell the dying Prophet sung. 230
 Sung to my Smiles, for only Joys I knew,
 When the fond Sage's loath'd Embrace I flew.
 Thro' many a Vale, and over many a Plain,
 I trac'd the glorious ARTHUR's wide Domain.
 Till KENELWORTH, that pierc'd the cloudless Sky, 235
 To thy fair Precincts lur'd my wond'ring Eye.
 Charm'd by the Genius of the Place, I swore
 The vow that binds the Fates, to rove no more.
 Stretch'd here my Silver Arms, a fond Embrace
 Catch'd ev'ry Beauty, soften'd ev'ry Grace: 240
 Here spread, a bright Expanse, my copious Tide,
 It's Guard in Danger, and in Peace it's Pride.
 And heard with Rapture sleepless *Echo* speak,
 What Honors grac'd the *Lady* of the Lake.

Crown'd with the Conquests of the Fair and brave, 245
 What Glory danc'd upon my quiv'ring wave?
 And when my Structure felt the Saxon Arms,
 It rose a *Phoenix* in superior Charms.
 Thy princely Fortrefs, CLINTON boasts no more
 It's Strength, nor DUDLEY's Beauties grace the Shore: 250
 But now the wonders once of ev'ry Eye,
 Are but insulted with the tranfient Sigh.
 No more my Banks with gath'ring Crowds are crown'd,
 Nor my waves tremble to the Clarion's found,
 That call'd of old the crested Knight to prove, 255
 The question'd Faith of Loyalty or Love.
 No more to join the Bard's harmonious Task,
 The fprightly Revel, or Myfterious Mafque,
 Allur'd am I to quit my glitt'ring Plain,
 And rife fymphonions to the warbling Strain, 260
 Where the faint Shepherd shades yon Ivy'd Wall,
 The VIRGIN HERO grac'd the tap'try'd Hall,

Encircled round with many a lovely Dame,
And dreadful Champions yet alive in Fame.
On me no longer smiles the roscat Morn,
Wak'd with the Music of the sylvan Horn. 265
No more the Tapers hospitable Light,
Guides the glad Pilgrim, thro' the tedious Night;
From the stern Tempest, and unpitying Winds,
No shelter here the devious Stranger finds. 270
Darkling beneath the roofless Wall He lies,
The nodding Structure trembling in the Skies.
While nightly Birds their noisy Vigils keep,
Fly their dull Rounds, and banish anxious Sleep.
And while the plaintive Wind laments around 275
He starts, and hears the crumbling Stones resound;
And sees aghast pale Cynthia's orient Beam
O'er the wide Ruin shed her pensive Gleam.
Through the rough Arch as shoots the trembling Ray,
As here, and there, the transient Shadows play, 280

As waves the flanting Ivy o'er the Wall,
 As on the vocal Ground his Footsteps fall,
 He sees, and hears, imagin'd Spectres rise,
 His Ears all Terror, and all Fear his Eyes:
 While casting round her melancholy smile, 285
 Dread *Desolation* triumphs o'er the Pile:
 Then envy'd *Nymph*, if not from Pity free,
 O! be that Pity not deny'd to Me.
 * Not EDWARD'S Eyes that ev'ry Sorrow prov'd,
 A captive *Prince*, detested where he lov'd 290
 Reft of each Hope, and rack'd with ev'ry Fear,
 E'er swell'd my Flood with Sorrows more sincere.
 Not when the threat'ning Shouts of Barons bold,
 Along thy Shores from rising BLACKLOW roll'd,
 Where CORNWALL bow'd to BEAUCHAMP's patriot Hand,
 Fore-ran his *Lord*, and headless press'd the Sand. 296
 Not when He left my Gates in pale Affright,
 And sigh'd the Prelude of the barb'rous Night,

* Edward the Second sometime Prisoner at Kenelworth Castle.

When trembling *Severn* refluent sought her Spring,
 And heard his dying Shrieks thro' *Berkley* ring, 300
 Time still embitters ev'ry Tear that flows,
 For like myself, immortal are my Woes;
 Unless some *Being* of superior Birth
 Dissolve the Force, that ties me down to Earth,
 Such Pow'r is thine, Propitious *Avon* hear, 305
 Let me no longer drop the fruitless Tear,
 In silent Sorrow let me melt away,
 Nor longer languish in the tedious Day,
 Triumphant so may Peace and Plenty ride,
 With swelling Sails, adown thy radiant Tide, 310
 So may thy Banks unfading Flow'rets crown
 From *Naseby's* Field to pensive **Theoe's* Town
 May still-- But sinking on the flow'ry Shore,
 No more She murmur'd, and She wept no more.
 And where the *Lady* of the *Lake* had reign'd, 315
 Such was her pray'r, a vacant Urn remain'd.

*Tewksbury

But like *Meander*, courting soft Repose,
 AVONA down another *Tempe* flows.

In Verse alone each am'rous Hero bleeds,
 And Songs of Peace relate the Warrior's Deeds: 320
 Oft while the Virgin fills the fragrant Pail,
 Immortal *Guy* supplies the wondrous Tale.
 See the warm Swain, with Hand descriptive, tell,
 Where the great *Victor* dug his lonely Cell;
 And wrapt in Pilgrim's Weeds the glorious Hand, 325
 That from the *Giant* sav'd the trembling Land,
 Nor tells He not of direful *Monsters* slain,
 And flaming Dragons stretch'd along the Plain.
 Enchanted *Castles*, and unequal Fights,
 Of rescu'd Ladies, and of recreant Knights; 330
 And guileless ratifies each dark Record,
 Because Himself had seen the pond'rous Sword,
 The Virgin's smiles the val'rous Chief approve,
 And own the bold should find a Friend in Love,

But still She wonders why the Champion brave 335
Should fly from *Phillis*, to the lonely Cave.

But AVON laves no more a lonely Cell,
For there the Loves and decent Graces dwell:
There Art unlooses *Nature's* modest Zone:
And Taste diffuses Pleasures all his own, 340

But through th' enchanting Scene whate'er we see
Steals it's strong Charm, O lovely *Peace* from Thee.
'Tis thine, that *Sun* emits a sprightly Beam,
And thine's the Music of the murm'ring Stream.
Thine's the gay Verdure of the flow'ry Glade, 345
And thine the Softness of the fragrant Shade.
Each Hope without *Thee*, roseat Spring beguiles,
And crown'd with *Thee* the silver Winter smiles.
To purchase thee where AVON's Chrystal flows,
Yon Tow'ring Walls o'er bold * PRAESIDIUM rose: 350
Thy fair Pretence alone can save from Shame,
And pour a Lustre o'er the Warrior's Name:

Paint the gay Banner bright with fair Renown,
 And gild alone the Coronet or Crown.
 Hence BEAUCHAMP'S Name shall fill the tuneful Page, 355
 Safe by the *Muses* sacred Spell from Age.
 While factious NEVIL ends his restless Days,
 And looks in vain for Pity, or for Praise.
 But lovely *Peace* secure from dire Alarms,
 Irradiates round in all her endless Charms: 360
 Luxurious AVON, here thy Glass display.
 Here nameless Beauties spread thy wat'ry way,
 Where the loud Cannon o'er the trembling Flood
 Roll'd its rough Roar, and shook the waving Wood;
 Secure from Terrors now the branching Deer 365
 Trip o'er the Margin, and forget their Fear,
 Where Sleep was wont to fly the Watchman's Call,
 He's woo'd to stay with AVON's tinkling Fall,
 While *Philomela* from her fragrant Bow'r,
 Sweet Sentinel, proclaims the midnight Hour; 370

For *Mars* bids all to sportive *Venus* yield,
 And wears alone for Ornament his Shield;
 To grace Her Reign the rural Pow'rs contend,
 And all their Gifts in gay Confusion blend.
 By *FLORA* here the bloomy Meads are dress'd, 375
 There, wealthy *CERES* waves her Golden Vest.
 Behind, the scatter'd Villa shadowing deep,
 There, old *SYLVANUS* clothes the distant Steep.
 O'er bord'ring Hills, and nodding Groves between,
 Mild *PAN* and fragrant *PALES* fill the Scene, 380
 And *AVON* bids her sparkling Waters roll,
 The Landkip's Eye, that animates the whole.
 While other Streams their Race of Tyrants boast,
 Or shrink away before the num'rous Host;
 While either *Indias* tremblingly deplore 385
 Their fable *Naiads* bath'd in Floods of Gore.
 While thy own *BRITAIN* thunders o'er the Main,
 Let *AVON* smile beneath a *PATRIOT* REIGN.

